

3
M O B K

CONTRA

2/6
M O B,

OR, THE

Rabblers rabbled.

O galls hurly burly fuit, si forte vidisses
Pyrautes arsas, & flavo sanguine breeckas
Dripantes, hominumque beartas ad prella
faintas. Hawthornden Pol. Middin.

EDINBURGH

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M O B

CONTRA

M O B



Rabbits & Rabbits

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Printed by J. G. Smith, at the

MOB Contra MOB,

O R

The RABBLERS Rabbled.

CANTO I.

IN pious All-reforming Times,
When *Sense* and *Learning* were thought
Crimes;
When *Zeal* had got the start of *Reason*,
and *Loyalty* was called *Treason*,
When Apostolick Constitutions
Were banished by new *Revolutions*;
Instead of which, the *Song* and *Tone*
Were counted orthodox alone:

When *Impudence, Grimace* and *Cant*
 Were thought enough to make a *Saint*;
 And when a sullen *Wry-mouth'd-Face*
 Past for a certain mark of Grace:
 When *Pulpit-thumpers* did express
 Their indigested, raw Address,
 With far less Manners, though more *Tone*,
 To Heaven, than to the *British Throne*;
 And less devoutly supplicate
 Their God, than Civil Magistrate;
 Cry'd down all Forms of Prayer rather
 Than lye in calling God their Father:
 Then cram'd and stufft the *Long-ear'd Crow*
 With new coin'd Doctrine long and loud,
 Amusing all the listning Press,
 With most Seraphick Emptiness.
 When Uprightness and Honesty,
 Insipid dry Morality,
 And Learning were a packing sent,
 As Rebels to the Government.
 When Penitence was called *Pop'rie*,
 And Abstinence but Monkish *Fopprie*,
 Forgiving Injuries mere Jests,
 Preach'd only by Prelatick *Priests*,
 Who lead their simple *Flocks* astray
 From the more powerful Gospel way.
 Religion now like Navigation
 Is much improved in the Nation

And now the *Helm* to such is given
 Who steer a nearer Course to Heaven,
 And teach their Hearers to love God,
 By hating Man, which is right odd :
 When Cross-grain'd *Saints* no *Glorie* would
 sing

To God, nor honoured the *King*,
 The stubborn and rebellious *Crew*
 Give neither God nor *Cæsar's* Due :
 As if they were *predestinate*
 To hate all that is *Good* or *Great*,
 And by *Decrees* of *Fate* appointed,
 Still to oppose the Lord's *Anointed*.
 When *Covenanted Saints* did join
 With merry Hearts to drink their *Wine* ;
 In these brave Days the mighty *Mob*,
 Like him who once harassed *Job*,
 Run to and fro throughout the Nation,
 And madly wrought up *Reformation* :
 What *Avarice* or *Pride*, or *Spight*
 Produc'd, was called C——w of R——
 Whate'r they did by Force or Awe,
 It was, or they could make it *Law* :
 Which I could prove by *Syllogism*,
 As clear as that a *Cone's* no *Prism*,
 By Reasons draw'n à *majori*
Ad minus, if you'll hear the Story.
 For sure it is no harder Thing
 To make the *Law*, than make the *King*.

This

[6]
This then the *Mob* can do at random.

So that : *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

A certain *M——* of great Fame,
Known by his *Nose*, we'll blank his Name,
Avouch'd, which proves the Thing no Fable,
The *ius divinum* of the *Rabble*.

And if we view the State of Nature,
A King is but the People's Creature :
When Men sprung from the Ground like
Garlick,

Then all the *Sons of Earth* were warlike,
Not one would yeild unto another,
Each *Whore-son* fought against his Brother,
Like those sprung from the *Dragon's Teeth*,
One Brother sought another's Death :
And this forsooth they did the rather,
Because they had no common Father,
Who by paternal Right might reign ;
Then first the *Mob* set up a King,
And still they have this Power inherent
To make their *Gods*, or *God's Vice-gerent* :
And they who have the Power to make them,
At pleasure can in pieces break them,
So *Children playing in a Ring*,
Gravely set up a *Nine-pin King*,
With this Design, as is most plain,
That they may knock him down again,

The Christian Reader will excuse
The *Lawless Freedom* of my *Muse*,

Which

Which from the Subject here digresses,
 To prove what *Halie-Kirk* professes.
 Besides, if Men did not digress,
 'Tis known the *Pulpit* and the *Press*,
 When now employed by such ———
 Would waste less *Paper* and *Sand-glasses*.
 So here my *Muse* doth scrape a *Leg*,
 And *Courteous Reader's* Pardon beg,
 That if to make the Verse to clink;
 I only speak what others think:
 Or in pursuing of my Project,
 I err in *Prosody* or *Logick*,
 He kindly may excuse my *Babble*,
 So I return unto the *Rabble*.

CANTO II.

THIS *Hydra* of uncertain Birth,
 If sprung from Hell, or sprung from
 Earth,
 If *Letbe's* or *Geneva's* Spawn,
 An Enemy to *Gown* and *Lawn*,
 And all that Superstition fosters,
 As *Canons*, *Greeds*, and *Pater-nosters*,
 Der

Doxologies, and Days festival,
 And every other thing that's civil :
 All Laws divine and humane scorns,
 And with more Heads by far and Horns;
 Than *Beast* describ'd in *Revelation*,
 Push'd on a godly *Reformation*.
 First on the pleasant Banks of *Clyde*,
 Fruitful of *Treason, Lust and Pride*,
 And farther to the setting Sun,
 Where *Saints* do live and *Saints* alone :
 As some affirm, in *Irish* Ground
 No *Viper* lives, nor can be found;
 No *Spider* there, no *Frog*, nor *Toad* ;
 So none live here but Men of God.
 At *Pentland-Hills* and *Bothwel-Brigs*,
 Where once the *covenanted Whigs*,
 Inspir'd with zealous *Fury* fought
 Against their *King*, and gained nought ;
 The *Saints* affirm'd that *Windle-straws*
 Would that Day fight for the *Old-Cause*.
 And so it prov'd, as those who saw
 Told that they fought like *Men of Straw*.

Here first, that *Beast* with many *Heads*
 Began to show its mighty *Deeds*,
 And furiously with *Sword* in hand
 From *Superstition* purg'd the Land ;
 With *Pitchforks, Seyths*, and such like *Tooth*,
 Reform'd *Kirks, Colleges, and Schools*,

With

With *Dagger, Sword* and *Musket-Shot*,
 Did *Gospel-Purity* promote,
Kilmarnock-Knives, and *Forks*, and *Bodkins*,
Pick-Axes, and a thousand odd Things,
 With *Flails* and *Cudgels* made of *Birk*,
 Most proper Tools to plant the *Kirk*,
 And thoroughly to purge the Nation
 By Blood, or some *Evacuation*,
 From noxious Humours, and the *Devil*,
 Of *Myter'd Heads*, and the *King's Evil*,
 Thus *Mountebanks* and *Urine-Gazers*,
 Armed with *Pincers*, *Lances*, *Razors*,
 With *Spatulas* and *Clyster-Pipes*
 Closs Siege lay to their Patients *Tripes*,
 Till they have turned out what's in,
 And then to stuff them do begin
 With such sophistick *Druggs* and *Pills*,
 Which leaves them sicker, or else kills,
 Or cunningly their Teeth he draws,
 And so depopulates their Jaws ;
 Yet very gravely does assure them,
 There is no other way to Cure them,
 And then expects right ample *Fees*,
 For Cures far worse than the Disease.

Still more and more the *Mob* advanced,
 And as the *Devil* pip'd it danced,
 With agile motion crossed *Forth*,
 To plant the Gospel in the *North*,

Sack'd every *Kirk*, storm'd every *Heeple*,
Dragoon'd all the opposing *People*,
 And being by the *B—* assisted,
 Seldom and faintly was resisted,
 Some of them had escap'd the *Gallows*,
 And therefore patroniz'd their *Fellows*,
 To make their own case seem the fairer,
 They still would vindicate a *Sharer* :
 Thus *Success* did attend the *Rabble*,
 In each Attempt, and every *Squabble*,
 And stil the *Reformation*
 By *Fraud* or *force* was carried on,
 And o'er the *Grampian-Hills* it glyded;
 Which *Scots* from *Picts* of old divided ;
 Here I my wearied *Bones* will rest,
 And when I am again refresh'd,
 The *Mob* I'll meet, in Place more proper,
 And *trigg* it too, till then let's stop here.



CANTO III.

IN *Northern Climes* a Countrey lies,
 Some think 'twixt *Ursa Major's* thighs ;
 Perhaps the Reason makes them guess it
 Is, that the *Boar* doth oft *bepifs* it ;

And

And sometimes when she lifts her Tail,
 She *Squirts* it too with Snow and Hail.
 If so, or not, I will not jangle,
 Let those who trade in *Line* and *Angle*,
 Who know by Head the *Heavenly Cattle*,
 Can rank them up in *Line* of *Battle*,
 And plainly tell the Reason why
Bulls, *Boars*, and *Dogs*, who guard the Sky,
 So harmless are, since we remark
 They never *Bellow*, *Grunt*, nor *Bark*,
 Let these who in these Wares do traffique,
 Describe by Rules *Geographick*.
 Yet least the *Reader* should repine,
 This Country lyes benorth the *Line*
 Where foaming *Neptune* oftentimes Roars,
 Insulting the opposing Shoars,
 Which proudly beat him off again,
 Extending far into the *Main*,
 Nought here which life requires is wanting,
 But that the naked Fields lack Planting :
 Had *Phyllis* in this Country lived,
 Though by a faithless *Lover* grieved,
 A growing Tree she had not found
 To keep her *Tip-Toes* from the Ground.
 Turn but your *Bowsprit* to the Pole,
 And I assure you on *Parole*,
 If closely you pursue your *Nose*,
 You'll find the Place which we propose,

The

The People which this Land possesses,
Live quietly, and pay their *Cesses*,
They fear the Lord, and till the Ground,
And love a *Creed* that's short and sound.
'Tis true their speech is not so pointed,
Nor with *screw'd-Looks* their Face dis-
jointed ;

For though it still be frankly granted
 By every one that's *Covenanted*,
 That *Canons* are the *Pope's Engines*,
 To carry on his black *Designs*,
 Found out in *Antichristian Schools*,
 Yet *Pistols* may be pious *Tools*,
 And in the *Kirk*, when *Militant*,
 There ought to be no *Swordless Saint*.



CANTO IV.

ABOUT the Ports of *Aberdeen*,
 The *Hotch-Potch-Rabble* did conveen,
 Of different *Names*, and different *Natures*,
Complexions, *Principles* and *Features*,
 Some *Hectors*, *Tories*, *Bullies*, *Ranters*,
 Some *True-Blue-Saints* and *Covenanters*,
 Old *Consuls*, and old *Fornicators*
 Were now become new *Reformators*,
 Both *Messengers* of *God* and *Sathan*,
 And many of the *Tribe* of *Dathan*,
 Some *Pharisees* and *Hypocrites*,
Consultors, *Scribes*, and *Parasites*,
Mechanicks some, and *Aqueductors*,
 And *Proppers* of old ruin'd *Structures*.

Some

Some who liv'd, as my Author tells,
 Not by the *Kirk*, but by the *Bells*.
Malignants too did Help afford,
 To fight the battels of the Lord,
 Which was the cause (as say the *Godly*)
 That they came of so very oddly,
 Some of the *Mob* spur'd on with *Conscience*
 And some with *Maggot*, some with *Non-*
sence,

But most of all, as wise men think,
 Went not so much to *Fight*, as *Drink*.
 Thus fifty *Troopers*, and some more,
 Armed as we have said before,
 With *Infantry* which made a Force,
 Equal in number to the *Horse*,
 Set forward all with one accord,
 Leaving the City *Bon-accord*;
 Inspired with mighty *Resolution*,
 Because they fear'd no Opposition :
 Some were for this *Kirk*, some for that *Kirk*,
 And some, no Mortal knows for what *Kirk*,
 Yet all of them their Course did steer,
 To Storm and take the *Kirk* of *Deer*.

Perhaps the Reader here may wonder,
 How *Tories* could commit this *Blunder*,
 And in a *Presbyterian* Quarrel,
 Expose themselves to certain Peril ?

They

They only did what hath been done,
 There's nothing new beneath the Sun.
 A *Myter'd-Head* born in our Nation,
 Oppos'd the *Scotish Toleration*,
 And still this *Prelate* boldly ventures
 To *Plead* and Write for the *Dissenters*.

Yea more, a certain Author who
 The Plotting Trade doth nicely know,
 Hath trac'd the *Revolution's* Spring,
 And tells, a *Hogen Mogen* King,
 Who saved our Land from *Superstition*,
Despotick Power, and *Inquisition*,
 The only *Presbyterian* Prop,
 Yet was an *Ally* to the *Pope* ;
 And did the *Romish-See* advance
 Against the growing Power of *France*.
 Now if a *Prelate* for *Dissenters*
 Can set his Wit upon the *Tenters*,
 If *Rome* can with *Geneva* join,
 To carry on a good Design,
 If such a *Prince* could make a Shift
 To lend to *Anti-Christ* a Lift ;
 Who then can doubt but *Tories* might
 For *Whigs* with a good *Conscience* fight,
 To plant and propagate a *Schism* ;
 'Tis plainly prov'd by *Syllogism*.

The

The Night præceding the *Engagement*,
 Some *Scouts* went of from the *Kirk-Regiment*,
 Designing for to view the *Trenches*,
 But were oppos'd by warlike *Wenches*,
 Whose *Man-like* Courage soon did stop
 And routed the *Forlorn-hope* :
 These *Wenches* with *Scar-Crows* were armed
 By which our *Troopers* fore were harmed,
 By swinging these about their Heads,
 Most of the *Riders* lost their *Steeds* :
 And stunned with the *Martial* sound
 Dropt *Topsie Turvie* to the Ground ;
 The rest oppress'd with *Pannick* Fear,
 Kept at a distance in the *Rear*.
 The *Captain* was a Man of Force,
 Who closely sticking to his Horse,
 With mighty *Valour* forward prest,
 Commanding to bring up the rest,
 Upbraiding all the *Silly Pack*
 Who to the *Women* turn'd their Back.
 Mean time a *Plow-Man* with a *Pattle*
 Engag'd the *Captain* clos in Battle,
 And very quickly made him stand
 By wounding him in the *Sword-Hand* !
When flying Foes are in a Terror;
Not to pursue must be an Error :
At Cannæ where fierce Hannibal
Kill'd Romans like a Cannibal ;

His March to Rome bad be intended,
 He'd sackt the Town, and the War ended;
 He would not take it when he could,
 Nor after could he when he would.
 But here there was a wiser Crew
 Who did their Victory pursue,
 Finding their Foes in bad Condition,
 March'd up and seiz'd their Ammunition,
 With all their Wine and other Forrage,
 In which lay all the Troopers Courage
 This News when the Kirk-Army heard,
 The Consequences much they fear'd;
 And every one did greatly dread
 Next Day what would to this succeed.
 Now finding what they scarce suppos'd,
 That they were like to be oppos'd
 In their design of Kirk-Plantation;
 They fell into a Consternation,
 And many who at first seem'd keen,
 Wish'd now to be at Aberdeen.



CANTO V.

A Counsellor renown'd by Fame
 For ruling Judgements that are lame,
 Rose and address'd himself to *Ralph*,
 The *Guardian* of his better half.
 " The adverse *Mob* seem resolute;
 " Said he, to keep our *Forces* out,
 " No *Law* nor *Reason* can prevail
 " Against a *Rustick* with a *Flail*;
 " When *Handie-Blows* come in the *Play*,
 " Both *Law* and *Reason* must give way;
 " No *Rethorick* nor *Logick* Term
 " Can then secure our *Bones* from harm;
 " It is in vain to think, that *Words*
 " Can guard us from these *Stones* and *Swords*;
 " So further, *Sir*, e're we proceed,
 " To chuse a *Leader* we have need.
Ralph vouch'd all he said was true,
 Desiring he would range the *Crew*:
 'Then he was chosen *Gen'ral* by luck,
 Not for his *Courage*, but his *Conduct*;

Who

Who for his *Qualities* may pass
 Under the Name of *Hudibras* ;
 Only 'tis said the fatal *Sisters*
 Had twisted *Courage* to his *Whiskers* :
 Whereas our Knight that Day had shav'd,
 Which was the Cause he misbehav'd.
 To *Sampson* you might him compare,
 He lost his *Vigour* with his *Hair* ;
 When he was ranging the *Kirk-Force*
 In Line of Battel, *Foot* and *Horse* ;
 In middle of the other *Rout*
 Appear'd a *Miller* stern and stout,
 Who boldly, without asking leave,
 Caught an old *Baillie* by the Sleeve ;
 And in a Rage began to swear,
 " You *Whig-Fac'd Knave*, you gain'd your
 Gear

" And all you have on Earth among us,
 " What *Devil* tempts you now to wrong us ?
 " But since you have us thus provoked,
 " I wish I hang, if we were yoked,
 " But I shall neatly tan your *Hide*,
 " So long's my *Lewdar* does abide,
 On which the *Baillie* thought it best,
 Lest that his *Doublet* should be drest ;
 To fly from face of such a *Rabble* ,
 That did appear so formidable.
 This put our *Captain* in some doubt,
 To see the *Enemy* so stout,

And his own Men so cowardly,
 That *Carles* Threats made them to fly.
 Yet he embraced the Command,
 And to do Feats he took in hand:
 Of Victory he made no doubt
 When all his Forces he call'd out,
 In Line of Battel to appear,
 With all the *Clergy* in the *Rear*,
 With *Whigs* and *Salters* in the *Center*,
 Where none but hardy Men durst venture;
 And all the *Tories* in the *Front*:
 Mean time a *Midden* he did mount,
 His *Courage* then made him so witlefs,
 In Rage and Fury to draw *Cutlace*.
 This *Cutlace* was a peaceful thing,
 As ever was in *Numa's* Reign;
 Long had it lurked in the *Sheath*,
 And never witness'd Wounds or Death,
 Nor thumping *Handie-Blow's* nor *Knocks*,
 Save once upon a *Chamber-Box*,
 Which did occasion mighty grudging,
 In the poor *Blade*, to leave it's Lodging,
 It cost some pains to force it out,
 To save its *Master* from the *Rout*;
 Yet after *Tugging* and hard pulling,
 A Token that it was unwilling
 To do much Harm, it came abroad,
 To serve its Friends the men of God,

Some

Some do affirm this trusty *Shabbie*
 Was consecrate to fright the *Rabble*;
 And that the *Kirk* devoutly had
 Wrote *Faith's Defender* on the *Blade*.

First he commanded Mr. *Justice*
 In whose good *Conduct* no small *Trust* is,
 In form of *Law*, at a due distance,
 To ask the *Warriours Assistance*;
 Then to advance to the *Kirk-Doors*,
 Attended with his *Guard de Corps*.
 A bulkie *Messenger* and brawnie,
 Of a *Complexion* somewhat *tawnie*,
 With sullen *Aspect* led the *Van*,
 On Mr. *Justice* his right hand :
 And one who never did succeed
 In planting *Kirks*, the *Left* did lead ;
 By whose *Advice* the *Mob* proceeded
 A little farther than they needed.

At the first *Prospect* of *Resistance*,
 Some sculking stood at a good distance,
 Until the first *Assault* was over,
 That they some *Courage* might recover ;
 Resolving, if the *Van* were *Victors*,
 To follow on as stout as *Hectors* ;
 But if the *Front* should not succeed,
 To make their *Heels* defend their *Head* ;

They

They judg'd it a piece of folly
 To venture upon the first *Volley* ;
 But had the *En'my* chanc'd to yeild,
 They'd been the formost in the Field.
Thus when Sir Mastiff stands his Ground,
Though snarling Curs do him surround,
And all the other cowardly Whelps
At distance stands and loudly yelps ;
With Tusks unsheath'd the Croud he dares,
But if he chance to turn his Arse,
 The meanest Cur of Turn-spit-race
 Will be the formost in the Chace.

The *Hero* who led on the Right
 Had seized many a *Squire* and *Knight*,
 And made them yeild at his Discretion,
 Without the least Capitulation,
 Yea Instances can be produc'd,
 That he more *Rebels* hath reduc'd
 To their *Alledgiance* back again,
 Then *Staremburg* hath done in *Spain*,
 This *Hero* with his Friend assaulted
 With Fury, while the *Rabble* halted,
 And loudly call'd not to retard
 The *Engineer* with his *Petard* ;
 Not doubting he the *Style* would open,
 Or else by Force would get it broken :
 But he no Courage had to venture,
 Betwixt the Armies *Front* and *Center* ;

Yet quickly he found this *Excuse*,
 Why he his *Orders* did refuse,
 " The adverse *Mob* upon Suspicion
 " Hath lately seiz'd our *Ammunition*,
 " By which it's plainly understood
 " That my *Engines* can do no good.
 That which their courage most inspir'd
 Was that the *Mob* at first retir'd :
 But they no sooner did attack
 The *Gate*, than they were driven back,
 With many a *Pelt* upon their *Skin*,
 By *Wives* who lin'd the walls within.
 A weagre *Fellow* with thick *Lips*
 Run first a *Preacher* through the *Hips*,
 Which was the *Signal* fixt upon
 For *Male* and *Female* to fall on ;
 Then in the *Front* with *Stones* they maul'd
 them,
 And in the *Rear* with *Cudgels* gall'd them:
 A certain *Female*, call'd the *Twitter*,
 Laid *Ratio Sacra* in the *Gutter* :
 Who prostrate so with *Life* at *Stake*
 Cry'd out aloud for *Mercies* sake.
 He lay in peril for to smother,
 Until a young *Malignant* Brother
 Came up, who lost his *Thumb sinister*,
 Rescuing the *Fanatick* Min'ster.
 Thus he, who was to *Saints* a *Stranger*,
 Rescued the *Saint* from present *Danger*,
 And

And in a very proper Season
 Set up the *Oracle of Reason* ;
 Who being raised from his Fall,
 Was now a *two leg'd Animal*
 And *Featherless*, which is the Nature
 And Notion of a humane Creature.
 Then having made some *Whining Faces*,
 And most emphatical *Grimaces*,
 With Hands lift up he gave a Sob,
 And then bespoke the adverse *Mob*
 With serious *Expostulation*,
 Imploring only a *Cessation*
 Of *Arms*, for a little Season,
 Until by force of solid *Reason*
 The Business he might debate;
 By *Argument*, or *Postulate* :
 Desiring any of the *Foes*
 Either to answer, or propose,
 As they inclin'd, and they should find him
 With *Reason* ready for to bind him ;
 And evidently mak't appear,
 They took the *wrong Sow* by the Ear.

Then from the Crowd a *Plow-man* prest
 And thus in haste the *Priest* addrest,
 Without the usual *Decorum*
 Of *Preface*, standing close before him.
 " Why come you here in manner *hostile* ?
 Quoth he, we come to preach the *Gospel*.

" Where

" Where read you in the *Holy Word*
 " Of *Gospelizing* with the *Sword* ?
 " What Scripture Text can you alledge
 " To prove your Martial *Equipage* ?
 " Of *Mahomet* I've heard it said,
 " That his *Religion* thus he spread :
 " You seem *Apostles* of the *Turk*.
 Peter, *Quoth* he had *Sword* and *Durk*;
 And us'd them too; as is most clear,
 In cutting off of *Malchus*' Ear.
 " You misapply and minch the *Text*;
 " Pray read the Words which follow next ;
 " And there, I think, you'll find a Word;
 " Which to the *Sheath* condemns the *Sword* ;
 " And the *Apostle* who did use it,
 " Did in the End but slightly ruse it.
Quoth he; we must compel th' unwilling :
 " But not by *Force*, nor yet by *Killing* ;
 " Such rugged; bloody Disposition
 " Smells rankly of the *Inquisition* :
 " Where *Rack* and *Wheel*, and *Fire* and
 Faggot
 " Confutes all *Reason* and the *Maggot*
 " Of Conscience, and with *Stripes* and
 Knocks,
 " Makes *Hereticks* turn *Orthodox* ;
 " And forces them their *Faith* to alter;
 " Or else converts them in a *Halter*.

“ Sir, if you are such *Argumenters*,
 “ And by such Means perswade *Dissenters* ;
 “ We mean to give you some small Sport,
 “ And your own *Arguments* retort :
 “ And you, I hope, will be content,
 “ What ever may be the *Event*
 “ Which in this doubtful *Skirmish* happens,
 “ Since we make use of your own *Weapons* :
 “ No Man of *Honour* will refuse
 “ To fight, if he the *Weapons* chuse.
 Quoth he, but you must know the *Laws*
 Do now support the *Good-Old-Cause* :
 If you oppose, the *Judges* Sentence
 At last will force you to *Repentance* :
 You’d better now forbear from Crimes,
 Than mourn for them in after times.
 “ Sir, what you call the *Good-Old-Cause*,
 “ Appears so full of *Cracks* and *Flaws*,
 “ No *Art* nor *Skill* the same can solder,
 “ It grows the crazier the older :
 “ And now is put to a hard Shift,
 “ When *Tories* come to lend a Lift,
 “ And *Kirk-Dragoons* are rais’d to back
 “ The *Gospel-Work* you undertake.
 “ Besides the *R——n F——t*
 “ By standing long hath got the Gout,
 “ And prest with useles Burthen, maugre
 “ All faint Supports, begins to stagger.

“ The

" The *Kirk* which hath no more Foundation
 " But *fickle* People's Inclination :
 " When e're the *Mob* begins to grumble,
 " The tottering *Fabrick* down must tumble :
 " And each Convulsion of the People
 " Portends the *Dounfal* of the *Steeple*.

This *Conference* being fully ended,
 And yet the Matter nothing mended :
 The *General*, call'd a *Buchan* Laird,
 The *Captain* of the *Clergie's* Guard,
 To march with all his chosen Force
 Which he had brought, both *Foot* and *Horse*.
 Who came on purpose, I suppose,
 The adverse *Party* to oppose :

*Since thrawn Trees do always splinder
 Best with a Wedge of their own Timber.*

Then in Obedience to *Command*,
 He marched up with *Sword* in *Hand* ;
 But to the *Guard* e're he had spoken,
 By chance his *Honor's* Head was broken ;
 Which so disordered his *Skull*,
 That his *Attempt* was rendred null.
 Yet from the *Kirk* he got Applause,
 For losing *Blood* in the *Old-Cause*.

Next him was plac'd a *Foreign Factor*,
 Who first resolv'd to be an *Actor* ;
 But when he saw the *Fray* begin,
 The fear *Min-Heer* had for his Skin,

And weaknes of his Constitution
 Made him to change his *Resolution*;
 Then he with Earnestness did pray,
 That the *propitious Gods* that Day
 To save him from the *Rabble's Knocks*,
 Would turn him to a *Butter-Box*.
 The *Mob* regardless of his Prayers,
 As they were of his *Neighbours Tears*,
 In fury with their *Trees and Stones*,
 First broke his Head, then beat his Bones.
 At last with piteous *Tone* he cry'd,
 If any will a *Sloop* provide
 To take me off, I here do swear
 I never shall again see *Deer*.

A *Chapman* next with Face like *Flambo*,
 And *Buttocks* wrapt in *Dantzick Shambo*,
 Who lov'd to sleep in a whole Skin,
 Before the *Battel* did begin,
 Resolving not to dy a *Martyr*
 For *Presby'try*, cry'd out for *Quarter*.
 The dismal Thoughts of *Blood and Wounds*
 Made him to fall in frequent *Swoons*.
 At last awak'ning out of *Trance*
 Resolv'd no further to advance;
 Then *Retrograde* with all his Might
 He moves to save himself by Flight;
 Until a *Wife*, who knew he oft
 Her *Plaiden-Web* in *Mercat* cost,

Had

Had pity on his wreck'd Condition,
 And took him under her Tuition,
 She felt his *Pulse*, and found him *Panting*,
 And him to save from further *Fainting*,
 In *Pantry-Nook* the *Wife* did close him.
 And with a *Double-Gill* did *Dose* him
 The Cordial scarcely reacht his Heart
 When *Crack* of *Gun* made him to Start
 And vent a foul *Flegmatick F——t*.
 Which proves what's said, that *Panick* Fear
 Oft forces Passage thro' the *Rear*.
 The dreadful *Terror* that possess him,
 Made him to pray the *Wife* to *Nest* him.
 She quickly yeilds to all he begs,
 And Shelters him betwixt her *Legs*.
 So once a reverend Son of *Levi*
 The Females Darling Mr. *DAVT*,
 When for the Good-Old-Cause pursu'd,
 His Goddess *Venus* him rescu'd;
 Moving a godly Sighing Sister,
 To hide the Saint in his great Mister,
 In the same bed with her own Daughter,
 Where sweet Inbearing-Truths he taught her;
 To *Venus Altar* he did bow,
 His Thanks and Gratitude to shew;
 And worship'd on his bended Knees,
 Among the pleasant Cherry Trees.
 A Weather-beaten Son of *Mars*
 With long *Toledo* at his Arse,

For many warlike *Actions* fam'd,
 Which never were, nor can be nam'd,
 Both *Wealth* and *Honour* long had fought
 In *Bloody Fields*, yet seldom fought :
 Now weary with the *Tuck* of *Drum*
 Came home to storm a Widow's *Bum* ;
 Laid by his *Helmet* and his *Shield*,
 To cultivate a *Barren-Field* :
 With Care he shunned *Wounds* and *Scars* ;
 Except it were in *Holy-Wars* ;
 That is to say, in *Whig-Kirk* planting,
 Where People's Inclination's wanting ;
 And there he mighty *Feats* had done
 In Company with *John Gilon*,
 His *bonus Genius* and *Attendant*,
 Then *Whig*, but now he's *Independant*.
 Like *Proteus* it is his Hap,
 Most frequently to change his *Shape*,
 And many *Turnings* he hath made
 In his *Religion* and his *Trade*.
 This *Hero* hearing of the *Fray*,
 Could not in *Conscience* be away,
 Lest that the *Project* should miscarry,
 He thought his *Presence* necessary,
 The *Mob* with *Courage* to inspire ;
 But was the *First* who did *Retire*.

CANTO VI.

WHAT *Mortal* can recount the Perils
Of those who live by *Brayls* and
Quarrels,

And who do gain their dayly Bread

By knocking others in the Head?

How oft doth Fortune, *Pox* upon her,

Plague and confound these Men of Honour?

And like a *Pedant* jerks the *Arse*

Of th' *Trauant* Disciples of *Mars*?

A learned Author *pro comperto*

Proves, *Dulce bellum inexperto*.

No *Mortal* ever did deny it,

If any do, then let him try it.

They'll find it but a foolish *Game*

To lose their *Legs* to purchase *Fame*,

And stand till *Foes* their *Bones* do batter,

To furnish *Gazet-Writers* Matter,

Now of all Wars the *Ecclesiastick*

Is certainly the most *Fantastick*:

And none ly oftner in the *Lurch*

Then *Fanizaries* of the *Church*.

And so it hapned in this *Battle*,

Where *Kirk-Men* ran like *Buchan Cattle*:

Nor

Nor durst *Kirk-Errant-Knights* adventure,
 With *Sword* in Hand the *Kirk* to enter ;
 The *Passes* were so stoutly guarded,
 And all the *Crowd* with *Stones* bombarded ;
 They could no longer keep their Station,
 But studying *Self-Preservation*,
 The stoutest who the *Legions* headed,
 And who at first no *Danger* dreaded,
 No sooner met with *Opposition* ;
 But losing *Heart* and *Resolution*,
 They thought it safest to be trudging
 Backward in haste unto their *Lodging* :
 And many of the *Tribe* had need
 To run for *Plaisters* to their Head,
 No sooner did the *Amazons*
 Discharge a *Volley* of big *Stones*,
 And *Buchan Plow-men* charge with *Flails*
 But *Front* and *Rear* turn all their *Tails*,
 And *Kirk-Knight-Errants* ran with speed,
 And every on got on his *Steed* :
 Nor needs the *Reader* long demur
 To know if then they us'd the *Spur* :
 What ever use they made of *Bridle*
 The *Spur* and *Whip* were never idle.
 Which makes the *Thing* to be admir'd,
 That Men with *Zeal* so much inspir'd
 Rode faster home spurr'd one with *Fear*,
 Than they advanced to *Old Deer*.